

# The Mirror

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. XXXVII.]

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## The Uncalled Abenger.



THE return of the victorious Russian army which had conquered Finland, under the command of General Buxhovden, says Mr. Oldecop of St. Petersburg, was attended with a circumstance, which, if it is true, has at all times been usual in the train of large armies, but which naturally took place to a much greater extent in these high northern latitudes, where the hand of man has so imperfectly subdued the original savageness of the soil. Whole droves of famished beasts and wolves followed the troops on their return to the south, to feed on the chance prey afforded by the carcases of the artillery and baggage horses that dropped on the road. In consequence of this, the province of Esthonia, to which several regiments directed their march, was so overrun with these animals, as greatly to endanger the safety of travellers. Hence in a single circle of the government, no less than forty persons of different ages were enumerated, who had been devoured during the winter by these ravenous beasts. It became hazardous

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to venture alone and unarmed into the uninhabited parts of the country; nevertheless, an Esthonian countrywoman boldly undertook a journey to a distant relation, not only without any male companion, but with three children, the youngest of which was still at the breast. A light sledge drawn by one horse, received the little party; the way was narrow, but well beaten; the snow on each side deep and impassable, and to turn back without danger of sticking fast, not to be thought of.

The first half of the journey was passed without accident. The road now ran along the skirts of a pine forest, when the traveller suddenly perceived a suspicious noise behind her. Casting back a look of alarm, she saw a troop of wolves trotting along the road, the number of which her fears hindered her from estimating. To escape by flight is her first thought; and, with unsparing whip she urges into a gallop the horse, which itself snuffs the danger. Soon a couple of the strongest and most hungry of the

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beasts appear at her side, and seem disposed to stop the way. Though their intention seems to be only to attack the horse, yet the safety both of the mother and of the children depends on the preservation of the animal. The danger raises its value; it seems entitled to claim for its preservation and extraordinary sacrifice. As the mariner throws overboard his richest treasures to appease the raging waves, so here has necessity reached a height at which the emotions of the heart are dumb before the dark commands of instinct; the latter alone suffers the unhappy woman to act in this distress. She seizes her second child, whose bodily infirmities have often made it an object of anxious care, whose cry even not offends her ear, and threatens to whet the appetite of the blood-thirsty monsters—she seizes it with an involuntary motion, and before the mother is conscious of what she is doing, it is cast out, and—enough of the horrid tale!—The last cry of the victim still sounded in her ear, when she discovered that the troop, which had remained some minutes behind, again closely pressed on the sledge. The anguish of her soul increases, for again the murder-breathing forms are at her side. Pressing the infant to her heaving bosom, she casts a look on her boy, four years old, who crowds closer and closer to her knee. "But, dear mother, I am good, am I not? You will not throw me into the snow, like the bawler?"—"And yet! and yet!" cried the wretched woman, in the wild tumult of despair, "Thou art good, but God is merciful!—Away!" The dreadful deed was done. To escape the furies that raged within her, the woman exerted herself, with powerless lash, to accelerate the gallop of the exhausted horse. With the thick and gloomy forest before and behind her, and the nearer and nearer trampling of her ravenous pursuers, she almost sinks under her anguish; only the recollection of the infant that she holds in her arms—only the desire to save it, occupies her heart, and with difficulty enables it to bear up. She did not venture to look behind her. All at once, two rough paws are laid on her shoulders, and the wide open bloody jaws of an enormous wolf hung over her head. It is the most ravenous beast of the troop, which having partly missed its leap at the sledge, is dragged along with it, in vain seeking with its hinder legs for a resting place, to enable it to get wholly on the frail

vehicle. The weight of the body of the monster draws the woman backwards—her arms rise with the child: half torn from her, half abandoned, it becomes the prey of the ravenous beast, which hastily carries it off into the forest. Exhausted, stunned, senseless, she drops the reins, and continues her journey, ignorant whether she is delivered from her pursuers or not.

Meantime the forest grows thinner, and an insulated farm-house, to which a side road leads, appears at a moderate distance. The horse, left to itself, follows this new path; it enters through an open gate, panting and foaming it stands still; and amidst a circle of persons who crowd round with good-natured surprise, the unhappy woman recovers from her stupefaction, to throw herself, with a loud scream of anguish and horror, into the arms of the nearest human being, who appears to her as a guardian angel. All leave their work—the mistress of the house the kitchen, the thresher the barn, the eldest son of the family, with his axe in his hand, the wood which he has just cleft—to assist the unfortunate woman; and, with a mixture of curiosity and pity, to learn, by a hundred inquiries, the circumstances of her singular appearance. Refreshed by whatever can be procured at the moment, the stranger gradually recovers the power of speech, and ability to give an intelligible account of the dreadful trial which she has undergone. The insensibility with which fear and distress had steeled her heart, begins to disappear: but new terrors seize her—the dry eye seeks in vain a tear—she is on the brink of boundless misery. But her narrative had also excited conflicting feelings in the bosoms of her auditors; though pity, commiseration, dismay, and abhorrence, imposed alike on all the same involuntary silence. One only, unable to command the overpowering emotions of his heart, advanced before the rest—it was the young man with the axe: his cheeks were pale with affright—his wildly rolling eyes flashed ill omened fire. "What!" he exclaimed; "three children—thy own children! the sickly innocent—the imploring boy—the infant suckling—all cast out by the mother to be devoured by the wolves! Woman, thou art unworthy to live." And at the same instant, the uplifted steel descends with resistless force on the scull of the wretched woman, who falls dead at his feet. The perpetrator then calmly wipes the blood off the murderous axe, and returns to his work.

The dreadful tale speedily came to the knowledge of the magistrates, who caused the uncalled avenger to be arrested and brought to trial. He was of course sentenced to the punishment ordained by the laws; but the sentence still wanted the sanction of the Emperor. Alexander, the splendour of whose virtues is only rendered more conspicuous by the throne, caused all the circumstances of this crime, so extraordinary in the motives in which it originated, to be reported to him in the most careful and detailed manner.—Here, or no where, he thought himself called on to exercise the godlike privilege of mercy, by commuting the sentence passed on the criminal, into a condemnation to labour not very severe; and he accordingly sent the young man to the fortress of Dunamunde, at the mouth of the Duna, in the Gulf of Riga, there to be confined to labour during his majesty's pleasure.

## NUGÆ CANORÆ.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

SIR—Your obliging reception of my former communication under the foregoing head, has tempted me to trouble you with one other small collection of a similar nature, and which, as not being confined to my own progeny, will be found, I hope, worthier than its precursor of your fostering patronage. I remain, Sir, your obliged,

June 19, 1823.

BARDULUS.

## EPIGRAMS.

*The Lover on the Death of his Mistress.*

My love is dead, and I am free,  
But only till I die:  
A little while restores to me  
My fetters in the sky.

*On hearing an ignorant person assert, "that to be a poet is the next thing to being a fool."*

"A poet," cries Bubo, "is next to a fool."

"And," he adds, "the experience of ages will show it."

But Bubo himself gives the lie to the rule,

For he proves that a fool's very far from a poet.

*Bonaparte in seipsum.\**

*Corsica me genuit, paruit mihi Gallia,  
nunc et*

\* These lines, it will be perceived, form a parody on an old couplet. They were written when Bonaparte was in Elba, of which Ilva was the ancient name.

*Ilva tenet lapsum: Tartara sola manent.*

*Napoleon in Elba.*

Mourn not, Napoleon, that no more  
The crown of iron\* which you wore,  
Shall deck your drooping head:  
The paltry bauble fades to nought,  
Compar'd with what your fate has  
brought,  
An iron isle† instead.

*Jeu d'Amour.*

When Fanny, fair Fanny, was barely  
seventeen,  
And I but just ent'ring on life,  
I press'd her to marry, "be mine, my  
dear queen;"  
But she sigh'd, "I'm too young for  
a wife."

Thus she thought, as she bloom'd in  
the spring-day of youth,  
When her beauty and graces were  
rise;  
But neglect has now told her an ill-  
natur'd truth.  
And she sighs, "I'm too old for a  
wife."

*A French Epigram.*

Tu parles mal par tout de moi,  
Je dis du bien par tout de toi;  
Quel malheur est le notre!  
L'on ne croit ni l'un ni l'autre.

TRANSLATION.

Thou speakest always ill of me,  
While I speak always well of thee;  
Yet, spite of all our noise and pother,  
The world believes nor one, nor  
other.

*On the long Speeches of the French Deputies in 1815, about the Liberty of the Press.*

The French enjoy freedom, they say;  
And where is the man that can  
doubt it?

For they have, it is clear, every day,  
The freedom of talking about it.

*Rondeau.*

Pour le moins, votre compliment  
M'a soulagé dans ce moment;  
Et, des qu'on me l'est venu faire,  
Je chassé mon apoticaire,  
Et renvoyé mon lavement.

EPITAPHS

*On two young Children in Greenwich Church-yard.*

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,  
Death came with friendly care,  
The opening buds to heav'n convey'd,  
And bade them blossom there.

\* The crown of Italy.

† Elba is famous for its iron mines.

*On Cardinal de Richelieu, by Bess-  
rade.*

Cy gist, oï, par mort bleu,  
Le Cardinal de Richelieu.  
Et, ce qui cause mon ennuï,  
Mon pension avec lui,

TRANSLATION.

Beneath this marble Richelieu lies,  
Believe me, for I swear 'tis true :  
And, what calls forth my deepest sighs,  
Here with him rests my pension too.

*In Northallerton Church Yard.*

*Hic jacet* Walter Gun,  
Sometime Landlord of the Sun ;  
*Sic transit gloria mundi !*  
He drank hard upon Friday,  
That being a high day,  
Then took to his bed, and died upon  
Sunday.

ACCOUNT OF MACKAREL.

(*For the Mirror.*)

This very beautiful fish is a native of the American seas, generally appearing at stated seasons, and swarming in vast shoals round particular coasts, but its great resort is within the Arctic circle, where it resides in innumerable troops, grows to a larger size than elsewhere, and is supposed to find its favourite food, which chiefly consists of marine insects, in far greater plenty than in warmer latitudes. When alive, from the elegance of its shape, and the extreme brilliancy of its colours, it is by far the most beautiful fish that frequents our coasts. Death, in some measure, impairs the colours, but it by no means obliterates them. Nature has decorated this fish with all the tints of the rainbow, and shews that her pencil is as vivid in the watery element, as in the playful beams of the tropical sun ; but,

“Who can paint  
Like nature! Can imagination boast  
Amid its gay creation, hues like her's?”

This splendid fish visits our shores in vast shoals, (a striking example of the bounty of Providence to man) in the months of May and June. The great mackarel fishery is on some parts of the west coast of England. This is of such an extent as to employ in the whole, a capital of near 200,000*l*. The fishermen go out to the distance of several leagues from the shore, and stretch their nets, which are sometimes several miles in extent, across the tide, during the night. The meshes of these nets are just long enough to admit the

heads of tolerably large fish, and catch them by the gills. A single boat has been known to bring in, after one night's fishing, a cargo that has sold for 70*l*. In some places, they are taken by lines from boats, as, during a fresh gale of wind, they readily seize a bait. It is necessary that the boat should be in motion in order to drag the bait (a bit of red cloth, or a piece of the tail of a mackarel) along, near the surface of the water. Dryden says,

“They put up every sail,  
The wind was fair, but blew a mack'-  
rel gale.”

They are said to be fond of human flesh. Pontoppidan informs us that a sailor, belonging to a ship lying in one of the harbours on the coast of Norway, went into the water to wash himself, when he was suddenly missed by his companions. In the course of a few minutes, however, he was seen on the surface with vast numbers of these fish fastened on him. The people went in a boat to his assistance, and though, when they got him up, they forced with some difficulty the fishes from him, they found it was too late ; for the poor fellow, very shortly afterwards, expired. The roes of this fish are used in the Mediterranean for *caviar*. In the spring, their eyes are covered with a white film, that grows in the winter, and is readily cast at the beginning of the summer. During this time, they are said to be nearly blind.

“Ev'n Sunday shines no day of rest to them.”

Alas ! poor mackarel ! and Gay says,  
“And when June's thunder cools the  
sultry skies,  
Ev'n Sunday's are profan'd by mack'-rel  
cries.”

And some other poet has observed,  
“Law ordered that the Sunday should  
have rest,  
And that no nymph her noisy food  
should sell,  
Except it were new milk, or mackarel.”

The celebrated *garum* of the Romans was a pickle prepared from this fish, which is still in fashion at Constantinople : it was formerly prepared from various kinds of fishes, but that procured from the mackarel was always deemed preferable ; the best was said to be manufactured at Carthage, vast quantities of mackarel being taken near an adjacent isle, called, from that circumstance, *Scombraria*. P. T. W.

## THE DEATH OF CHRISTIAN AND THE MUTINEERS.

(From Lord Byron's *New Poem*,  
"The Island.")

The boat drew nigh, well armed, and  
firm the crew  
To act whatever Duty bade them do;  
Careless of danger, as the onward Wind  
Is of the leaves it strews, nor looks  
behind  
And yet perhaps they rather wished to  
go  
Against a nation's than a native foe,  
And felt that this poor victim of self-  
will,  
Briton no more, had once been Briton's  
still.  
They hailed him to surrender—no re-  
ply;  
Their arms were poised, and glittered  
in the sky.  
They hailed again—no answer; yet  
once more  
They offered quarter louder than be-  
fore.  
The echoes only, from the rocks re-  
bound,  
Took their last farewell of the dying  
sound.  
Then flashed the flint, and blazed the  
volleying flame,  
And the smoke rose between them and  
their aim,  
While the rock rattled with the bullets'   
knell,  
Which pealed in vain, and flattened as  
they fell;  
Then flew the only answer to be given  
By those who had lost all hope in earth  
or heaven.  
After the first fierce peal, as they pulled  
nigher,  
They heard the voice of Christian shout,  
"Now fire!"  
And ere the word upon the echo died,  
Two fell; the rest assailed the rock's  
rough side,  
And, furious at the madness of their  
foes,  
Disdained all further efforts, save to  
close.  
But steep the crag, and all without a  
path,  
Each step opposed a bastion to their  
wrath;  
While, placed midst clefts the least ac-  
cessible  
Which Christian's eye was trained to  
mark full well,  
The three maintained a strife which  
must not yield,  
In spots where eagles might have  
chose to build.

Their every shot told; while the assail-  
ant fell,  
Dashed on the shingles like the limpet  
shell;  
But still enough survived, and mounted  
still,  
Scattering their numbers here and there,  
until  
Surrounded and commanded, though not  
nigh  
Enough for seizure, near enough to  
die,  
The desperate trio held aloof their fate.  
But by a thread, like sharks who have  
gorged the bait;  
Yet to the very last they battled well,  
And not a groan informed their foes  
who fell.  
Christian died last—twice wounded;  
and once more  
Mercy was offered when they saw his  
gore;  
Too late for life, but not too late to  
die,  
With though a hostile hand to close his  
eye.  
A limb was broken, and he drooped  
along  
The crag, as doth a falcon reft of young.  
The sound revived him, or appeared to  
wake  
Some passion which a weakly gesture  
spoke;  
He beckoned to the foremast who drew  
nigh,  
But, as they neared, he reared his  
weapon high—  
His last ball had been aimed, but from  
his breast  
He tore the topmost button of his vest,  
Down the tube dashed it, levelled, fired,  
and smiled  
As his foe fell; then, like a serpent,  
coiled  
His wounded, weary form, to where the  
steep  
Looked desperate as himself along the  
deep;  
Cast one glance back, and clenched his  
hand, and shook  
His last rage 'gainst the earth which he  
forsook;  
Then plunged: the rock below received  
like glass  
His body crushed into one gory mass,  
With scarce a shred to tell of human  
form,  
Or fragment for the sea-bird or the  
worm;  
A fair-haired scalp, besmeared with  
blood and weeds,  
Yet reeked, the remnant of himself and  
deeds;

Some splinters of his weapons (to the last,  
As long as hand could hold, he held them fast)  
Yet glittered, but at distance—hurled away  
To rust beneath the dew and dashing spray.

#### THE CANARY ISLANDS.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

SIR,—Having observed in your publication of 31st May, an article copied by you from the *Imperial Magazine*, respecting trees in the Canary Islands that distil water in a very great abundance, I beg to inform you I have resided at those islands upwards of two years, and have, with a companion, visited the different parts that are said to possess curiosities, but have never by any chance seen the trees above alluded to, nor do I for a moment consider there are any of that description in the island. Grand Canary is a very fertile island, producing large quantities of fruit, pigs, poultry, goats, &c., and which the inhabitants send to the other islands to market.

Teneriffe, or the Wine Island, is about 50 or 60 miles from Grand Canary, and the principal residence of our British merchants, and who all keep a sort of chandler's shop (British Consul included). Most of our vessels go direct to this island, and the trade with the other islands is done by the small native craft. The Peak of Teneriffe, the height of which is one mile three quarters and two hundred and seventy-two feet, may be seen a considerable distance at sea. I have seen it at 110 miles, but it may be seen at a much greater distance. During the summer months, men are employed to bring ice from it, and so great is the abundance all the year round, that we not only have a variety of ices, but never drink either wine or water till it has been iced.

The difficulty of getting it, from the very great ascent of the Peak, does not increase its price so much as many would suppose; you may go to the Café, get a far better ice and a greater choice for sixpence, than in London could be purchased for half-a-crown. The city of this island is called Laguna; it contains about 9,000 souls, and is situated two miles and a half from Santa Cruz, one of the ports, and twenty-five miles from Port Orotava, the other port. Vessels from all ports are continually loading and unloading at these two places. The people at Laguna know

but little what is doing at either place: it is plentifully stocked with nuns and friars; but the latter seem to be losing much of their consequence, and but few are now permitted to hang their broad brims up at any house they please. I lived in this place a considerable time, and frequently took a three days' excursion, pitching our tent at night, and rambling about the woods during the day, but I never by any chance met with the "distilling tree," and which, if I had, would have been an excellent shelter from the scorching sun. About four miles from the city is a fine spring, called the "Mother of water," and which supplies nearly the whole inhabitants (there being a few tanks): it is conveyed by means of open wooden gutters, roughly made from small trees, and placed in a slooping position, and supported by props at some places ten feet high; and thus, by a gradual declivity, does the water reach the town, exposed the whole distance to the heat of the sun. The island of Lauzarotte, famous for Barilla, is very badly off for water; the inhabitants are obliged to secure it in places dug on purpose, as it comes from the mountains after a heavy fall of rain. I remained at this island a short time: on inquiry found there was nothing worth seeing, and a great scarcity of provisions, being obliged to eat goffier (or Indian corn toasted and ground) for want of bread. I proceeded to Fortaventura, and finding nothing there but a few poor miserable people, an almost barren soil, overrun with goats, I soon quitted that spot, but observed that they were supplied with water from the other islands. I have likewise visited Palma, Gomera, and Ferro, but have never seen or heard of the trees above alluded to.

10th June, 1823.

I. J. H.

#### THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.

A DIALOGUE.

EMMA.

Tell me, dear Anne, if you can, What you admire most in man; That you and I for once may see If we can both in taste agree.

ANNE JANE.

Admire! my dear, I scarce can tell; The creatures all are very well; But all to Plutus homage pay. As he endures, so worship they

EMMA.

Softly, I think you're too severe, Sure there are some who too worth revere. Speak briefly, now explain to me The character approved by thee.



ANNE JANE.

An open heart, a generous mind,  
To be well bred, not too refined,  
In judgment good, in reason clear,  
In friendship firm, in love sincere.

EMMA.

And is this all my thoughts inquire?  
This sort of man your heart's desire?  
Methinks there's something still to say;  
Now try your skill to paint him, pray.

ANNE JANE.

Well, then, I'd have a pleasing face,  
A form not void of manly grace,  
Possessed of wit, from satire free,  
Polite to all, and kind to me.

EMMA.

Oh yes, and he must have a heart  
To bear misfortune's cruel smart;  
A heart that feels another's woe;  
A hand that freely can bestow.

ANNE JANE.

Religion must his soul inspire,  
That, more than all, I should desire;  
Confirmed by that, esteem shall last,  
When youth's gone by, and beauty's  
past.

EMMA.

Just such a swain should we e'er find,  
Adapted is to Anne's mind;  
Just such an one should e're I see,  
Behonour'd, lov'd, obey'd by me.

ANNE JANE.

His mind we've drawn, pourtrayed his  
But where the original to trace [face,  
Is what I'd thank you to display,  
And I will due attention pay.

EMMA.

We both may fortune's children prove,  
Her smiles may all our fears remove;  
Nay, don't despair, or think it vain,  
For such a man we must obtain.

ANNE JANE.

But should your early hopes be blighted  
And should you be by fortune slighted,  
Say, can you live a single life,  
And envy not the name of wife?

EMMA.

Yes, rather than a clown I'd wed,  
A fool, a fop, or one ill-bred,  
Through life I single would remain,  
It will spare my heart full many a pain.

ANNE JANE.

Your choice, my Emma, I commend,  
And hope your future hours you'll  
spend,  
From life's tyrannic influence free,  
I know you wish as well to me.

powdered lacquey to give vent to a round unvarnished lie, in order to rank among the *fashionables*, but to inhale the fresh breeze of summer, and behold Nature in her most splendid array of beauty, have my wanderings been from the close pent metropolis, to the country. Out of town—there is magic in the sound—joy, as you bound into the vehicle, whether barouche or stage, that takes one from the fevered atmosphere of business, or the monotonous round of dinner parties, evening hurricanes, or plain tea and turn-out. The bright sun shining warmly and cheerily—all in exquisite bustle to form a contrast to the quiet you speedily anticipate—those you love sitting cosily beside ye.

"Merrily every bosom boundeth."

Was it not that testy elderly gentleman, Dr. Johnson, that said, "the sensation of spinning about on four wheels was the most enviable of all imaginable sensations? Methinks I am right; and in truth he was not far wrong—there is an indescribable joyousness which cannot but communicate hilarity to the reflecting mind. Here we go, then, dashing through the turnpike—pass St. George's Hospital—give the passing tribute of a benediction to its founders and patrons, and a sigh to the miseries of its inmates, which is all commendable, and moreover is no drawback to our own felicity, and on again. Look at the rate at which we advance—allons! allons! go over the ground if it kill ye—London is defunct, or at least enveloped in a shroud of smoke; the city of the arts; the emporium of commerce; the mistress of the world (good readers I am a cockney) fades from the view. Well, "be hushed my dark spirit," the fields becoming more green; air fresher and purer; charming little country-seats and cots saluting your optics on all sides, are very reputable substitutes. Arrive at an inn; mighty comfortable; quote Shenstone's lines to the ladies about it; keep up my literary character, and to keep all in good humour, give them ample credit for wearing stockings, with a decent tint of blue. My worthy friend, Hazlitt, was right for once in his life; the independence, of which one is conscious at an inn, is most enviable?—waiters in due attendance—landlord arrayed in clean apron—all sprucely bedight. "What do you have for dinner, Sir? rabbit smothered with onions (my friend Hazlitt's *bon bon*)—regimental beef steak—roast fowl—duck and green peas." Not going to wait for dinner, sweet landlord, much as self might wish it—quote in-

## The Sketch Book.

No. III.

### OUT OF TOWN.

Not verily to avoid the importunate dun, or mayhap the bum-bailiff; not with the intention of compelling a well-

ternally those fine lines of Smollett—

"Thy spirit independence let me share," &c.

without any unlucky mistakes by the careless printer's devil, and heave a sigh to my bachelor's days, which tho' lost to sight are still to memory dear—but the ladies—oh, the sweet creatures! they chuckled with such intensity at the entrance of a slight refection of cold fowl and ham, that I recovered from my reverie, and with the best grace imaginable began to do "all that might become a man," under such trying circumstances. Backed by some laudable Bucellas, we contrived to keep body and soul from parting company, and straightway entering the conveyance, again started.

What a refreshing sight must the fresh green grass, and a blue sky above it, be to a poor tyke, who scribbles from year's end to year's end with nothing before his eyes but the filthy stone pavement and dirty brick walls of Watling Street or Budge Row!—Mercy on us!—but a truce to the pathetic! On we caper—roads not unpleasantly dusty, thanks to an elegant shower of rain, on the preceding evening—no "pulverized granite" to block up your peepers and astonish your intestines here—all unsophisticated breezes, "neat as imported."

Sun set—what a glorious subject for the pallet-driver, as we rode up to the green door of a charming ivy-covered cottage: all too desperately appetized, however, to give way to delight so intellectual, or to bungle any quotation from Thomson's Seasons thereupon; so in we bundled, shouting at every step for dinner. If you consult your health, reader, always go early to bed, whether fate may fix you in town or good fortune send you to the country—follow our good example.

O the joy of waking where an almost boundless prospect of fine country is stretched before you, in all its varied beauties! The sun, darting his early rays on your pillow—the green leaves luxuriantly rustling in the morning breeze about your window—the birds chirping in playful happiness—in fact, every thing in absolute combination to tear you from the arms of Morpheus at the hour of six, or before. Could't resist—so soon found myself roaming about the vicinity of our habitation, by the clear beautiful stream which had attracted our notice as we arrived—the blue hills in the distance, "Could never be more perfect landscape found."

Nature was spread before me like an

open book, full of delightful passages. I almost, in the exhilliration of my spirits, fancied myself Christian as he beheld the land of Beulah before him in all its inviting loveliness, and well could I have wished to have left the stir and confusion of what is called the busy world, and sojourn the rest of my mortal pilgrimage here. Other and more solemn thoughts arose in mind, and added to my tranquillity and happiness, as I sauntered home. But here is the substance of them finely expressed by Wordsworth:—

"How beautiful this dome of sky  
And the vast hills in fluctuation fixed,  
At thy command, how awful. Shall the  
soul,

Human and rational, report of Thee  
Even less than these? Be mute, who  
will, who can,

Yet I will praise thee with impassioned  
voice!

My lips that may forget thee in the  
crowd,

Cannot forget Thee here, where Thou  
hast built

For Thy own glory in the wilderness!  
Me, didst Thou constitute a priest of  
Thine,

In such a temple as we now behold,  
Rear'd for thy presence—therefore am  
I bound

To worship here and every where, as  
one

Not doom'd to ignorance, the' forc'd to  
tread

From childhood up, the ways of po-  
verty;

From unreflecting ignorance preserved,  
And from debasement rescu'd—By Thy  
grace,

The particle divine remain'd un-  
quenched,

And 'mid the wild weeds of a rugged  
soil,

Thy bounty caus'd to flourish deathless  
flowers.

From Paradise transplanted. Wintry age  
Impends:—the frost will gather round  
my heart;

And if they wither I am worse than  
dead!

Come labour, when the worn out frame  
requires

Perpetual Sabbath; come disease and  
want,

And sad exclusion, thro' decay of sense;  
But leave me unabated trust in Thee:

And let Thy favour, to the end of life,  
Inspire me with ability to seek

Repose and hope among eternal things,  
Father of Heav'n and earth, and I am  
rich,

And will possess my portion in content."

ADELBERT.



## The Lion and the Tigress.



The Menageries have always ranked among the most popular exhibitions in the British metropolis, and are by no means the least known in the country, since there are few persons who visit town without paying their respects to the "stupendous elephant," the "majestic lion," the "spotted leopard," the "fierce tiger," and the "untamed hyena," all of which are to be found at the Tower or Exeter 'Change.

Of two of these animals we this week present an engraving, and of one of them, the lion, we have an interesting anecdote to add. The lion it is known is chiefly found in the interior of Africa, where he exercises resistless dominion over every other animal. Vaillant says that his terrific roarings in the night, when prowling for his prey, produce an alarm through the forest.

The lion when domesticated lays aside his natural ferocity, and is even grateful for the kindness of his keeper. The principal lion now exhibited at Exeter 'Change, and of which our engraving presents an excellent likeness, was found, when a cub, wandering near the sea coast of the Cape of Good Hope, by a Hottentot woman, who immediately conveyed it to her hut, and cherished it. It is even stated that she gave it her own milk until it had got over the weakness of the first few months. He is now full grown, and his early education has not been lost upon him, for he is tame and good tempered. The tigress represented in our engraving

is one of the fiercest of her species, and yet occupies a portion of the same cage as the lion.

### SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

#### THE OLD MARGATE HOY.

I am fond of passing my vacations (I believe I have said so before) at one or other of the Universities. Next to these my choice would fix me at some woody spot, such as the neighbourhood of Henley affords in abundance, upon the banks of my beloved Thames. But somehow or other my cousin contrives to wheedle me once in three or four seasons to a watering place. Old attachments cling to her in spite of experience. We have been dull at Worthing one summer, duller at Brighton another, duller at East-bourn a third, and are at this moment doing dreary penance at—Hastings!—and all because we were happy many years ago for a brief week at—Margate. That was our first sea-side experiment, and many circumstances combined to make it the most agreeable holiday of my life. We had neither of us seen the sea, and we had never been from home so long together in company.

Can I forget thee, thou old Margate Hoy, with thy weather-beaten, sun-burnt captain, and his rough accommodations—ill exchanged for the foppery and fresh-water niceness of the

modern steam packet? To the winds and waves thou committedst thy goodly freightage, and didst ask no aid of magic fumes, and spells, and boiling cauldrons. With the gales of heaven thou wenteest swimmingly; or, when it was their pleasure, stoodest still with sailor-like patience. Thy course was natural, not forced, as in a hot-bed; nor didst thou go poisoning the breath of ocean with sulphureous smoke—a great sea-chimæra, chimneying and fornaicing the deep; or liker to that sea-god parching up Scamander.

Can I forget thy honest, yet slender crew, with their coy reluctant responses (yet to the suppression of any thing like contempt) to the raw questions, which we of the great city would be ever and anon putting to them, as to the uses of this or that strange naval implement. Specially can I forget thee, thou happy medium, thou shade of refuge between us and them, conciliating interpreter of their skill to our simplicity, comfortable ambassador between sea and land!—whose sailor-trowsers did not more convincingly assure thee to be an adopted denizen of the former, than thy white cap, and whiter apron over them, with thy neat-fingered practice in thy culinary vocation, bespoke thee to have been of inland nurture heretofore—a master cook of Eastcheap? How busily didst thou ply thy multifarious occupation, cook, mariner, attendant, chamberlain; here, there, like another Ariel, flaming at once about all parts of the deck, yet with kindlier ministrations—not to assist the tempest, but, as if touched with a kindred sense of our infirmities, to soothe the qualms which that untried motion might haply raise in our crude land-fancies. And when the o'er-washing billows drove us below deck (for it was far gone in October, and we had stiff and blowing weather) how did thy officious ministrings, still catering for our comfort, with cards, and cordials, and thy more cordial conversation, alleviate the closeness and the confinement of thy else (truth to say) not very savoury, nor very inviting, little cabin!

With these additaments to boot, we had on board a fellow-passenger, whose discourse in verity might have beguiled a longer voyage than we meditated, and have made mirth and wonder abound as far as from the Thames to the Azores. He was a dark, Spanish-complexioned young man, remarkably handsome, with an officer-like assurance, and an insuppressible volu-

bility of assertion. He was, in fact, the greatest liar I had met with then, or since. He was none of your hesitating half storytellers (a most painful description of mortals), who go on sounding your belief, and only giving you as much as they see you can swallow at a time—the nibbling pickpockets of your patience—but one who committed downright, day-light depredations upon his neighbour's faith. He did not stand shivering upon the brink, but was a hearty thorough-paced liar, and plunged at once into the depths of your credulity. I partly believe, he made pretty sure of his company. Not many rich, not many wise, or learned, composed at that time the common stowage of a Margate packet. We were, I am afraid, a set of as unfledged Londoners (let our enemies give it a worse name) as Thames or Tooley-street at that time of day could have supplied. There might be an exception or two among us, but I scorn to make any invidious distinctions among such a jolly, companionable ship's company, as those were whom I sailed with. Something too must be conceded to the *Genius Loci*. Had the confident fellow told us half the legends on land, which he favoured us with on the other element, I flatter myself the good sense of most of us would have revolted. But we were in a new world, with every thing unfamiliar about us, and the time and place disposed us to the reception of any prodigious marvel whatsoever. Time has obliterated from my memory much of his wild fables; and the rest would appear but dull, as written, and to be read on shore. He had been *Aid-de-camp* (among other rare accidents and fortunes) to a Persian prince, and at one blow had stricken off the head of the King of Carimania on horseback. He, of course, married the Prince's daughter. I forget what unlucky turn in the politics of that court, combining with the loss of his consort, was the reason of his quitting Persia; but with the rapidity of a magician he transported himself, along with his hearers, back to England, where we still found him in the confidence of great ladies. There was some story of a Princess—Elizabeth, if I remember—having entrusted to his care an extraordinary casket of jewels, upon some extraordinary occasion—but as I am not certain of the name or circumstances at this distance of time, I must leave it to the Royal daughters of England to settle the honour among themselves in pri-

vate. I cannot call to mind half his pleasant wonders; but I perfectly remember, that in the course of his travels he had seen a phoenix; and he obligingly undeceived us of the vulgar error, that there is but one of that species at a time, assuring us that they were not uncommon in some parts of Upper Egypt. Hitherto he had found the most implicit listeners. His dreaming fancies had transported us beyond the "ignorant present." But when (still hardily more and more in his triumphs over our simplicity), he went on to affirm that he had actually sailed through the legs of the Colossus at Rhodes, it really became necessary to make a stand. And here I must do justice to the good sense and intrepidity of one of our party, a youth, that had hitherto been one of his most deferential auditors, who, from his recent reading, made bold to assure the gentleman, that there must be some mistake, as "the Colossus in question had been destroyed long since:" to whose opinion, delivered with all modesty, our hero was obliging enough to concede thus much, that "the figure was indeed a little damaged." This was the only opposition he met with, and it did not at all seem to stagger him, for he proceeded with his fables, which the same youth appeared to swallow with still more complacency than ever—confirmed, as it were, by the extreme candour of that concession. With these prodigies he wheedled us on till we came in sight of the Reculvers, which one of our own company (having been the voyage before) immediately recognising, and pointing out to us, was considered by us as no ordinary seaman.

All this time sat upon the edge of the deck quite a different character. It was a lad, apparently very poor, very infirm, and very patient. His eye was ever on the sea, with a smile; and, if he caught now and then some snatches of these wild legends, it was by accident, and they seemed not to concern him. The waves to him whispered more pleasant stories. He was as one, being with us, but not of us. He heard the bell of dinner ring without stirring; and when some of us pulled out our private stores—our cold meat and our salads—he produced none, and seemed to want none. Only a solitary biscuit he had laid in; provision for the one or two days and nights, to which these vessels then were oftentimes obliged to prolong their voy-

age. Upon a nearer acquaintance with him, which he seemed neither to court nor decline, we learned that he was going to Margate, with the hope of being admitted into the Infirmary there for sea bathing. His disease was a scrofula, which appeared to have eaten all over him. He expressed great hopes of a cure; and when we asked him, whether he had any friends where he was going, he replied, "he had no friends."

These pleasant, and some mournful passages, with the first sight of the sea, co-operating with youth, and a sense of holidays, and out-of-door adventure, to me that had been pent up in populous cities for many months before—have left upon my mind the fragrance as of summer days gone by, bequeathing nothing but their remembrance for cold and wintery hours to chew upon.

Will it be thought a digression (it may spare some unwelcome comparisons), if I endeavour to account for the *dissatisfaction* which I have heard so many persons confess to have felt (as I did myself feel in part on this occasion), at the sight of the sea for the first time? I think the reason usually given—referring to the incapacity of actual objects for satisfying our pre-conceptions of them—scarcely goes deep enough into the question. Let the same person see a lion, an elephant, a mountain, for the first time in his life, and he shall perhaps feel himself mortified. The things do not fill up that space, which the idea of them seemed to take up in his mind. But they have still a correspondency to his first notion, and in time grown up to it, so as to produce a very similar impression; enlarging themselves (if I may say so) upon familiarity. But the sea remains a disappointment. Is it not, that in the latter we had expected to behold (absurdly, I grant, but, I am afraid, by the law of imagination unavoidably) not a definite object, as those wild beasts, or that mountain compassable by the eye, but *all the sea at once*, THE COMMENSURATE ANTAGONIST OF THE EARTH!—I do not say we tell ourselves so much, but the craving of the mind is to be satisfied with nothing less. I will suppose the case of a young person of fifteen (as I then was), knowing nothing of the sea, but from description. He comes to it for the first time—all that he has been reading of it all his life, and *that* the most enthusiastic part of life—all he has gathered from narratives of wandering

seamen ; what he has gained from true voyages, and what he cherishes as credulous from romance and poetry ; crowding their images, and exacting strange tributes from expectation. He thinks of the great deep, and of those who go down unto it ; of its thousand isles, and the vast continents it washes ; of its receiving the mighty Plata, or Orellana, into its bosom, without disturbance, or sense of augmentation ; of Biscay swells, and the mariner  
For many a day, and many a dreadful night,

Incessant labouring round the stormy Cape ;

of fatal rocks, and the "still-vexed Bermoothes ;" of great whirlpools, and the water-spout ; of sunken ships, and sunless treasures swallowed up in the unrestoring depths ; of fishes, and quaint monsters, to which all that is terrible on earth—

Be but as bugs to frighten babes withal,

Compared with the creatures in the sea's central ;

of naked savages, and Juan Fernandez ; of pearls, and shells ; of coral beds, and of enchanted isles ; of mermaids' grottoes.

I do not assert that in sober earnest, he expects to be shewn all these wonders at once, but he is under the tyranny of a mighty faculty, which haunts him with confused hints and shadows of all these ; and when the actual object opens first upon him, seen (in tame weather too most likely) from our unromantic coasts—a speck, a slip of sea-water, as it shews to him—what can it prove but a very unsatisfying and even diminutive entertainment ? Or if he has come to it from the mouth of a river, was it much more than the river widening ? and, even out of sight of land, what had he but a flat watery horizon about him, nothing comparable to the vast o'er-curtaining sky, his familiar object, seen daily without dread or amazement ?—Who, in similar circumstances, has not been tempted to exclaim with Charoba, in the poem of Gebir,

Is this the mighty ocean ?—Is this all ?

I love town, or country ; but this detestable Cinque Port is neither. I hate these scrubbed shoots, thrusting out their starved foliage from between the horrid fissures of dusty innutritious rocks ; which the amateur calls "verdure to the edge of the sea." I require woods, and they show me stunted cop-

pices. I cry out for the water-brooks, and pant for fresh streams, and inland murmurs. I cannot stand all day on the naked beech, watching the capricious hues of the sea, shifting like the colours of a dying mullet. I am tired of looking out at the windows of this island prison. I would fain retire into the interior of my cage. While I gaze upon the sea, I want to be on it, over it, across it. It binds me in with chains, as of iron. My thoughts are abroad. I should not so feel in Staffordshire. There is no home for me here. There is no sense of home at Hastings. It is a place of fugitive resort, an heterogeneous assemblage of sea-mews and stock-brokers, amphitrites of the town, and misses that coquet with the ocean. If it were what it was in its primitive shape, and what it ought to have remained, a fair, honest fishing-town, and no more, it were something—with a few straggling fishermen's huts scattered about, artless as its cliffs, and with their materials filched from them, it were something. I could abide to dwell with Mesheck ; to assort with fisher-swains, and smugglers. There are, or I dream there are, many of this latter occupation here. Their faces become the place. I like a smuggler. He is the only honest thief. He robs nothing but the revenue—an abstraction I never greatly cared about. I could go out with them in their mackerel boats, or about their less ostensible business, with some satisfaction. I can even tolerate those poor victims to monotony, who from day to day pace along the beach, in endless progress and recurrence, to watch their illicit countrymen—townsfolk, or brethren perchance, whistling to the sheathing and unsheathing of their cutlasses (their only solace) who under the mild name of preventive service, keep up a legitimated civil warfare, in the deplorable absence of a foreign one, to show their detestation of run Hollands, and zeal for old England. But it is the visitants from town, that come here to say they have been here, with no more relish of the sea than a pond perch, or a dace might be supposed to have, that are my aversion. I feel like a foolish dace in these regions, and have as little toleration for myself here, as for them. What can they want here ? if they had a true relish of the ocean, why have they brought all this land luggage with them ? or why pitch their civilized tents in the desert ? What mean these scanty book-rooms—marine libraries,

as they entitle them—if the sea were, as they would have us believe, a book "to read strange matter in?" what are their foolish concert-rooms, if they come, as they would fain be thought to do, to listen to the music of the waves? All is false and hollow pretension.—They come, because it is the fashion, and to spoil the nature of the place.—They are mostly, as I have said, stock-brokers; but I have watched the better sort of them—new and then, an honest citizen (of the old stamp) in the simplicity of his heart, shall bring down his wife and daughters to taste the sea breezes. I always know the date of their arrival. It is easy to see it in their countenance. A day or two they go wandering on the shingles, picking up cockle-shells, and thinking them great things; but, in a poor week, imagination slackens; they begin to discover that cockles produce no pearls, and then—O then!—if I could interpret for the pretty creatures (I know they have not the courage to confess it themselves) how gladly would they exchange their sea-side rambles for a Sunday walk on the green-sward of their accustomed Twickenham meadows!

I would ask of one of these sea-charmed emigrants, who think they truly love the sea, with its wild usages, what would their feelings be, if some of the unsophisticated aborigines of this place, encouraged by their courteous questionings here, should venture, on the faith of such assured sympathy between them, to return the visit, and come up to see—London. I must imagine them with their fishing-tackle on their back, as we carry our town necessities. What a sensation would it cause in Lothbury? What vehement laughter would it not excite among the daughters of Cheapside, and wives of Lombard-street.

I am sure that no town-bred, or inland-born subjects, can feel their true and natural nourishment at these sea-places. Nature, where she does not mean us for mariners and vagabonds, bids us stay at home. The salt foam seems to nourish a spleen. I am not half so good-natured as by the milder waters of my natural river. I would exchange these sea-gulls for swans, and send a swallow for ever about the banks of Thamesis.

ELIA.

*London Magazine.*

## THE ANGLER,

No. II.

FISH USUALLY TAKEN BY ANGLERS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

*Barbel—Directions for fishing for Barbel—Anecdote—Bleak—Bream—Bull Head—Carp.*

The *Barbel*, so called from its four barbs, two of which are at the corners of its mouth, and the others at the end of its snout, is a heavy, dull fish, and gives very inferior sport to the angler, in proportion to its size and strength. The barbel begin to shed their spawn about the middle of April, and come in season about a month or six weeks after. In their usual haunts, among weeds, &c. they are fond of rooting with their nose like the pig. In summer, they frequent the most powerful and rapid currents, and settle among logs of wood, piles, and weeds, where they remain for a long time apparently immovable; during the winter time, they return to deep bottoms. The most killing baits for the barbel are the spawn of trout, salmon, or indeed of any other fish, especially if it be fresh, respecting which, the barbel is very cunning; the pastes that imitate it must, therefore, be well made, and of fresh flavour. It is also an advisable plan to bait the water over night, by spawn or a quantity of cut worms. The barbel will also bite well at the cob-worm, gentles, and cheese, soaked in honey. The rod and line, with which you fish for barbel, must both be extremely long, with a running plummet attached to the latter, as they swim very close to the bottom. By a gentle inclination of the rod, you may easily ascertain when there is a bite; immediately upon which the fish should be struck, and seldom escapes, unless he break the line.

Sir John Hawkins mentions a curious anecdote relating to barbel fishing. Living, some years ago, in a village on the banks of the Thames, I was used, in the summer months, to be much in a boat on the river. It chanced that at Shepperton, where I had been for a few days, I frequently passed an elderly gentleman in his boat, who appeared to be fishing at different stations for barbel. After a few salutations had passed between us, and we were become a little better acquainted, I took occasion to inquire of him what diversion he had met with. "Sir," said he, "I have had but bad luck to day, for I fish for barbel, and you know they are not to be caught like gudgeons!"—"It is very true," answered I, "but what you want in tale, I suppose you make up in

weight."—"Why, Sir," says he, that is just as it happens; it is true, I like the sport, and love to catch fish, but my great delight is in going after them. I'll tell you what, Sir," continued he, "I am a man in years, and have used the sea all my life (he had been an Indian captain) but I mean to go no more, and have bought that little house, which you see there, for the sake of fishing: I get into this boat (which he was then mopping) on a Monday morning, and fish on till Saturday night for barbel, as I told you, for that is my delight; and this I have done for a month together, and in all that while have not had a single bite!"

The *Bleak*, or *Blay*, is a common river fish, so called from its bleak or white appearance, that spawns in March, and is fond of many of the baits for trout. It is usually caught with a small artificial fly of a brown colour; and the hook should be suited in size to the fly. The bleak seldom exceeds six inches in length; its flesh is highly valued by epicures, and beads are made of its scales.

*Bream* shed their spawn about Midsummer, and although they are occasionally met with in slow running rivers, are reckoned a pond fish, where they will thrive in the greatest perfection; and have been known to weigh from eight to ten pounds. In fishing for them, the angler should be very silent, and take all possible care to keep concealed from the fish, which are angled for near the bottom. His tackle must also be strong. This fish, according to Dr. Shaw, is a native of many parts of Europe, inhabiting the still lakes and rivers, and is sometimes found even in the Caspian Sea.

*Bull Head*, or *Miller's Thumb*, is a small ugly fish, which hides itself in brooks and rivers, under a gravelly bottom. They spawn in April, and their average length is from four to five inches. When their gill-fins are cut off they serve as good baits for pike and trout, and, like the cray fish, when boiled, their flesh turns red.

*Carp* is a fish, that by its frequency of spawning, and quickness of growth, is greatly used to stock ponds, where it thrives better, and lives longer, than in rivers. Geener speaks of one who lived to one hundred years old; there is much doubt about its general age, but it is supposed to be a very long-lived fish. They spawn three or four times a-year, but the earliest time is about the commencement of May. They are observed to live uncommonly long

out of water; and in Holland are frequently kept alive for three weeks, or a month, in a cool place, by being hung with wet moss in a net, and fed with bread steeped in milk. In angling for carp, it is necessary to make use of a strong tackle, with a fine gut next the hook, and a float formed of the quill of a goose. They bite almost close to the bottom; and are rarely caught if angled for in a boat. From its subtlety, it has been sometimes called the water-fox.

The river carp is accustomed to haunt, in the winter, the most quiet and broad parts of the stream. In summer they live in deep holes, reaches, and nooks, under the roots of trees, and among great banks of weeds, until they are in a rotten condition. The pond carp loves a rich and fat soil, and will seldom or never thrive in cold, hungry, waters. The carp-ponds of Germany yield a considerable income to the gentry.

J. W.

## The Nobelist.

No. XXXII.

### THE RIVALS.

It was in the autumn of 1819, that, while gazing on the romantic scenery that surrounds the little village of P—, in Italy, my attention was suddenly arrested by the sound of a female voice, singing an Italian air with such exquisite tenderness, that the tears involuntarily rushed to my eyes, and I felt as though I could have listened for ever. The time, the place, and the beautiful scenery which lay before me, had no doubt, in some measure, prepared my mind for that tender train of feeling, which it is impossible to describe. The surprise occasioned by hearing a female voice singing in that lonely spot, so remote from the "busy haunt of man," for the moment transfixed me to the spot, and I was actually seized with trembling; I will not call it fear, yet it was more like it than any thing else I can describe. The voice was at a considerable distance, and seemed to issue from behind a clump of trees, which grew on the side of a small eminence to the right of me, and partly overhanging a little mountain stream that I could see silently gliding in the valley beneath, though it was often hid by the projecting rock. The day had been a remarkably hot one; there was scarce a breath of air, yet the trees did not seem to droop; nature looked as fresh and gay as though there had been a refreshing shower.—Who can it be,



thought I, in so lonely a place as this ; perhaps it is some peasant girl, returning from her daily employment ; I will listen ; I did so, and soon heard the following :

" Calm is the wind, the mountain stream  
Flows tranquilly along ;  
The earth is in her evening dream,  
The birds have ceased their song.

There's not a sound steals on my ear,  
My thoughts are gone astray ;  
They rest on Henry's fun'ral bier,  
And on the fatal 'fray.

Oh ! Henry, could you ever know  
The anguish of my breast,  
Your spirit soon would soothe my woe,  
And set my heart at rest.

Why do I weep ? alas for me  
No tear of love is shed,  
No sigh responsive tells to thee,  
How much this heart has bled."

The sound ceased, apparently from the emotion of the singer, and as I approached the spot whence the voice had proceeded, for as yet I had seen no one, I heard a deep sigh and a voice as of a person talking aloud : " Nay do not chide me, for I love you ; come kiss me and forgive"—here a female form suddenly presented itself ; she saw me and screamed, crying " they come to kill him ! they come to kill him ! " and, ere I could speak a word, she had fled from me, and was out of sight before I could sufficiently recollect myself to think in what manner to act. I remained in astonishment, and could scarcely believe my eyes or my senses, it seemed altogether so like a dream ; it was some short time before I could sufficiently recover, to reflect that the shades of evening were fast drawing on, that I had a walk of some three or four miles to make, before I could reach the village, and that too in a country to which I was a stranger. I resolved, when I got to my little inn, to inquire who the strange form was. It was perfectly dark when I arrived. The master of the house had gone out to seek me, thinking I had lost myself, which was almost the case, my mind being so intent on what I had seen, that my steps were unheeded, and sometimes wandered astray. Happily the landlord returned soon after I arrived, and was not a little overjoyed at seeing me ; I immediately told him the circumstances of my strange encounter, and inquired what he knew ? " Senior," said he, " the tale is not a long one ; whilst you are partaking of some re-

freshment, I will tell it you." I thanked him and he continued—" It is three years ago, this autumn, when one evening, as we all were retiring to rest, after the labours of the vintage, there was heard at the entrance of the village, loud shrieks and cries for help ; it was a woman's voice—I opened the casement and looked out ; the shrieks had ceased and all was silent but the night wind murmuring in the trees ; presently I heard the same voice calling out " they have killed him ! " Santa Maria, exclaimed I, and immediately ran and awoke my brother ; we sallied out into the road, and were presently joined by several of the villagers, who had heard the cry ; we all went to the place where it had proceeded from, but there was nothing to be seen ; we called ; we shouted ; but there was no answer ; we dispersed in several parties all over the neighbourhood, and when we met again, it was to no purpose. The sun had by this time risen, and all the village was alarmed ; it was reported that Jean Strucco's daughter was missing, and that she was seen on the evening before, walking in company with a young man from the neighbouring village, who was to marry her as soon as he had gathered in the vintage ; the parents of the young woman said she was in the habit of walking out with him, when the evenings were fine, and that sometimes she did not return until after they had gone to rest, as they always retired early, being fatigued with the labour of the day ; they said they had not missed her until the morning, not having been disturbed by the confusion of the night ; they had searched every where, and messengers were dispatched to the village where the young man dwelt, but neither he nor she were to be heard of. Oh ! Senior, it would have melted a heart of iron to have witnessed the distress of the parents. The evening came, but there were no tidings, and it was not until the morning after, when some peasants were going to their employment of gathering grapes, that they discovered at the foot of a tree, in the spot where you were, the poor girl you have seen ; she was found lying on the lifeless body of her lover, perfectly insane ; and to all the questions that were put to her, she only answered " they have killed him ! they have killed him ! "—His body, on inspection, was found to be wounded in three places—one was in his left side. The poor girl was taken home, and for a long time after was perfectly insensible, saying to

every question that was put to her. "they have killed him." It was soon discovered who the murderer was; he was a young man who lived in the village and wished to pay his addresses to this poor girl; she rejected him, and it is supposed, that in a fit of jealousy or despair, he resolved to murder the more favoured lover." This he unhappily accomplished. I thanked the honest landlord, and soon after retired to my bed; my sleeping thoughts still dwelt on the melancholy incident of the evening; the faded form of the poor maniac was visible in my dreams.

S. L. D. G.

### The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

#### PUNNING EPIGRAM,

*On the Editor of the Mirror informing his Correspondents "Amatory Poetry" was the least acceptable of any.*

What think you of this tale, my friend?  
Is't not a lucky hit?

Straight to the MIRROR I shall send,  
And show the world my wit.

I penn'd some verses, I reply'd,  
A very pretty story,  
But their insertion was denied,  
'Cause I write "Am-a-tory."

Is that the case? the wit exclaims,  
I do not care a fig;  
But since the tories he disclaims,  
I'll just say, I'm-a-whig.

CLAVIS.

#### SOLUTION OF DIGGORY'S EPITAPH, IN OUR LAST.

We now give a solution of Diggory's Epitaph, which four Correspondents have favoured us with, namely, Diamond, W. L.—s, Sam Felix, and M. D.  
"In this clay grave, beneath this turf of grass,  
Lies Mungo Smart, a stubborn, stupid ass;  
Smart was his name, but not smart his nature,  
Scarce ever mortal did see such a creature.  
Yet here he lyes, and sure that is no wonder,  
For all his life was nothing but a blunder;  
His dust lies here, 'mong other persons mixt,  
And to the day of doom, his soul is somewhere fixt:

Then who would weep for such an ass as this?

For sure no earthly creature will him miss."

—1670.

A late Duke of Norfolk was much attached to the bottle.—On a masquerade night he asked Foote, who was his intimate, "what new character he should go in?"—"Go sober," said Foote.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The recollections of Thomson's Hair Dresser, and P. T. W. are next.

Communications with the following signatures are intended for insertion: A. H. M., F. R.—y., Solo, Lit. Am., Mary, W. C. Crux, Hudson, W. S., Mat. Benson, I. G., C. C., Old Harry, F. H., M., C. C., Kiow, W. T. C., I. H—p, Utopia, Bibliopolophilos, J. Gould, and Minoras

The following are under consideration: Lucy Williams, Harry Ranger, James J—ner, Antonio, Peter Williams, Tom Timbertoe, Ignatius, I. I. K., B., J. M., and K. L. F. M. L.

The four articles communicated by C. W. A., and those sent by H. W. and J. W. D. are rejected on account of their want of delicacy.

The following are also inadmissible: Revrac, John Wood, G. P. P., who is reminded that Sarah Harlop's letter, which is not very chaste, was poetized by the late Jack Ellis, the money scrivener. F. W., The Mistake, and the Lines on the Pint Decanter. We do not recollect the articles to which G. P. P. and Clavis allude.

Mr. Spiller and Argus have our best thanks.

We are searching for the communication to which Allegoricus alludes, and doubt not but we shall be enabled to give him an answer next week.

The favour of several "Constant Readers," "Admirers," and "Sincere Well-wishers," have been received, and we know not further how to distinguish them.

#### ERRATA.

No. 29, p. 455, in the notes, for "Oneas" read *Æneas*.

No. 33, p. 35, col. 1, l. 33, for "Jalidula" read *Palidula*.

No. 33, p. 35, col. 1, l. 36, for "on" read *ou*.

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